



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, OCTOBER 25, 1828.

No. 11.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Charles and Emily.

" See what grief has brought me to, Charles," said a lovely, but emaciated female, to a young gentleman, who was standing by her bedside, with the keenest anguish and remorse depicted in his countenance; " but I forgive," added she, with pity beaming from her eyes, " I would not willingly wound your feelings, but I intreat you to turn from the error of your ways; your heavenly Father is always ready to receive the repenting prodigal, and remember it is the last wish of your dying Emily, that you would seek that peace that cometh from above." She sank exhausted and fainting on her pillow, and Charles in an agony of feeling rushed from the house.

Charles Waldegrave and Emily Bloomfield were the children of affluence, their attachment had commenced in their very childhood, it had " grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength," and they were apparently within a few short months of being united. Emily was an only and idolized child, no pains or expense had been spared in her education, but her greatest ornament was that of a meek and quiet spirit; she was beloved by the poor, and admired by all. Charles too was much respected, and Emily thought him all that was virtuous and amiable. She had nearly completed her seventeenth year, and on the anniversary of her birth, she was to give him her hand; but ere that period arrived her father received a letter from an intimate and tried friend, the contents of which almost overwhelmed her with despair, and cast an entire different shade upon her prospects. This letter represented Charles as a profligate, as one, who was at that period daily treading the rounds of guilty pleasure. Charles was at the head of an extensive mercantile concern, and

this often required his presence abroad; here he became acquainted with a company of young men, whose manners were fascinating, whose tongues were persuasive, but whose principles were corrupted and rotten; and who gloried in bringing others to the same shocking level with themselves: they flattered his foibles, they ridiculed his scruples, they presented unto him the gilded cup of pleasure, and he fell. True it was not without some inward struggles, some fruitless resolves and re-resolves, that Charles became a confirmed profligate; often would his soul sicken with disgust when returning from the haunts of vice, often would the image of Emily rise and reproach him; but having taken one step in the path of ruin, he saw, or thought he saw, a thousand obstacles to his return. His friends, or fiends more properly speaking, were ever ready to throw out some new enticement, and instead of bursting the hellish bands with a manly firmness, he suffered himself to be led step by step until he had stifled the whispers of conscience, that faithful monitor; and he soon became a scholar worthy of his teachers. He had also learned to be an adept in the art of dissimulation for when business no longer afforded a pretext for remaining abroad, at home he still appeared all that his friends could wish, still justified the fondest hopes of Emily, who was looking forward to a long duration of happiness; when that letter, that fatal letter, came like scorching desolation upon her heart. The proofs were too strong to be doubted, too clear to be disputed; the author had long been acquainted with his profligacy, and by some means finding out the engagements that were between him and the daughter of his friend, saw that the path of duty was plain, and that was to make her acquainted with his true character. The blow was a severe one—she had loved him with the fervour of woman's first and early love—she had spent many an absent hour in contemplating on the many virtues which she believed he possessed, and she had lately spent much time in preparing for their union;

but although her heart sickened within her to see such a termination to her hopes, she felt truly grateful to Heaven that she had discovered the labyrinth into which she was plunging, ere it was too late; for although her own heart was a powerful pleader in his favor, although she would endeavour to put the best possible construction upon his conduct; yet every sentiment of piety and virtue revolted from the thoughts of an union with such a man.

Charles was daily expected home, and soon arrived. Emily heard of his arrival, and summoned all her fortitude to bear an interview—they met, and when he would have pressed her to his bosom, as one who was so soon to become his own, she shrunk from his embrace, as from the breath of contagion: he was astonished, and demanded an explanation—she calmly gave him her reasons, and then bade him adieu forever. Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the astonished Waldegrave it could not have been more unexpected; the scenes of his dissipation were so far distant, and even there he had conducted in so private a manner, that he had not the least fear of any unfavorable reports ever reaching the ear of Emily; but he saw it was in vain to deny—he would have stammered out some apology, but his tongue refused to perform its office, and covered with shame, remorse and indignation, he left the house. He still loved Emily, if it were possible to love one, whom he had so basely deceived; but he knew her principles too well to think there was any reason to hope—he felt as if every barrier was now broken down, and to the astonishment and grief of his friends, he appeared openly the man of dissipation. Emily's fortitude had forsaken her after their last interview, she felt as if she had broken every tie that bound her to the world, and although surrounded by tender and affectionate friends, who watched her every look, to see if they could not administer to her comfort, she felt like an isolated being; although he was guilty she loved him still, and could not drive him from her heart; for in the words of the poet—

"Woman's love is a holy flame,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;
It lives, though treachery and slight,
To quench the constant flame would try:
Like ivy, where it grows 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green,
Like ivy too, 'tis found to cling,
Too often round a worthless thing."

And thus it was with Emily, she had placed her happiness in his keeping, and he had trifled with it—he had destroyed it. Grief wasted her fine form, and dimmed the lustre of her bright blue eye; and finally the agitation of her mind brought on a fever, which increased with redoubled violence and baffled every effort to arrest its progress; the crisis of her disorder approached and her physicians gave but little hopes of a favorable termination, and thought it more than probable that she would

not live to see the setting of another sun. Death was no terror to Emily, she looked towards it as the harbinger of rest; for she knew in whom she had believed; she lamented that she had placed so much dependence on earthly happiness, and had borne disappointment with so little resignation; but she knew that her heavenly Father pitied the weakness of his children; she acknowledged his justice in taking her idol from her, and rejoiced that he was now about to take her from a world where she was subject to so much imperfection. 'Twas at this time she sent for Charles, who immediately obeyed the summons; and it was at this time also, that we first introduced them to our reader.

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM A LATE NUMBER OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Nuptials at Sark.

"Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil hold!"

In the latter part of the reign of queen Mary, the government of the little island of Sark was committed to Sir Robert Dudley, a very valiant knight, of an ancient and honourable family, who was equally distinguished by the accomplishments of his mind and person, and by the brilliancy of his military achievements. He did not find the duties of his government very arduous. The island was defended by a fortress, which was impregnable, except in one part, where the ascent was steep and difficult, and so narrow that only two persons could walk abreast. The place, too, being very barren, and the inhabitants zealously loyal to the queen of England, there was nothing in it, with the exception of its commodious harbour, to tempt the approach of an invader. With a little garrison, therefore, of only twenty men, Sir Robert Dudley found himself sufficiently strong to bid defiance to any enemy, and sufficiently at leisure to seek such pleasures as so lonely and barren a rock as the island of Sark could offer to his grasp. At first the knight murmured much at what he called his banishment. His reputation as a chivalrous warrior, and his alliance to several noble houses, seemed to justify the hope which he had entertained of being appointed to a much more distinguished and profitable command. In time, however, letters of complaint were much less frequently received from him by his friends in London, and the rest of the garrison in the island imagined that the symptoms of disappointment and dissatisfaction were far more faintly visible on his features. Its barren soil, its rugged rocks, and the boisterous waves which roared around it, had not been able to banish love from the isle of Sark.

Annette Dalbret, a young and beautiful orphan, was the heiress of the only family of any thing like wealth or importance in the island. Slender as was the revenue which she derived from the few productive acres which the isle produced, still it raised her so far above the

condition of her neighbours that she was familiarly known by the appellation of the queen of Sark. She was descended of an ancient and illustrious family, which had held large possessions in Normandy; but as her ancestors had always adhered to the fortunes of the sovereigns of England, the conquest of that province by the French, who had recently taken from queen Mary the last remnant of her transmarine dominions, Calais, deprived them of all their ancient patrimony, except what they held in the isle of Sark.

Annette had been educated in England; and although her straitened fortunes obliged her to hide her head on a rock in the British Channel, yet her high spirit, her well-stored mind, and her beautiful person, would have graced the proudest and most polished court in Europe. She was about the middle height, slightly but gracefully formed, with large bright gray eyes, a complexion of the most dazzling fairness, and long shining auburn locks, which streamed in rich profusion down her shoulders. Her charms were such, that there was not a heart in the island which had not, in a greater or less degree, felt their influence; but there was only one who was presumptuous enough to aspire to the possession of the hand of the queen of Sark.

This was her own cousin, Clement Amiot, the son of a deceased sister of her father. This young man had been born after the death of his father, and his mother terminated her existence a few hours after his birth. His destitute condition had induced the Sieur Dalbret to send for him from Rouen, the place of his nativity, and to bring him under his own protection at Sark. As the youth advanced in years, he exhibited great courage, address, and intrepidity, mingled, however, with a brutal and sanguinary disposition, a violent temper, and a contempt of all restraint and control. The charms of his beautiful cousin were alone able to soften his obduracy, and for her he soon entertained a violent passion, which was not looked upon with the slightest degree of favour either by the object of it or her father. The mild and gentle spirit of Annette shuddered at the violence and impetuosity of Clement; and Dalbret, who saw how ill assorted a union between two such persons would be, was anxious that Amiot should be removed from Sark. An attempt which the young man made to carry off Annette from the island, soon afforded Dalbret a favourable pretext for sending him back to his father's relatives at Rouen. There he distinguished himself only by his violent conduct and wild behaviour; but in a short time he procured a commission in the service of the king of France, where his fiery and impetuous spirit found itself in its proper element. He soon obtained advancement and honour by acts of daring and romantic valour, and, for a time at least, appeared to forget the isle of Sark, and the bewitching be-

ing who had been the occasion of his banishment from its shores. She, in the meantime, who was a stranger to the passion of love, congratulated herself on her escape from a troublesome and importunate suiter, whose solicitations she could not flatter with any prospect of success, and found herself sufficiently happy in the affection of her father, who doted upon his beautiful child. His death, however, which happened at the siege of Calais, deeply saddened her naturally joyous and cheerful temperament, and the tears which streamed down the fair cheeks of Annette Dalbret were regarded with a more than ordinary sympathy, because, like the weeds which Yorick plucked from the grave of the courteous monk, they seemed "to have no business there."

Spirits, the lightest and gayest, have been known to feel the influence of misfortune more deeply than those of habitual gloom and melancholy, as the shadow of the thunder cloud is more intensely visible on the waters of the calm, bright summer sea, than on the turbulent and storm-tossed wave. So fared it with Annette. The death of her father was the first, and a most fearful interruption to the simple quiet current of her thoughts. She had often before taken her leave of him on his departure for battle, but she had as often welcomed him back crowned with honour and glory. The probability of his death was a thought that had never intruded itself on her mind. The last time, however, that he left the island, an ominous sadness weighed down her spirits.

"Father! dear father!" she said, as she wrung his hand at parting, but her sobs rendered the rest of the sentence inaudible.

"Weep not, my fair child!" said the Sieur Dalbret, "but hope that I shall soon return to clasp you in my victorious arms."

"Have not those arms, my father," she said, "been already enough victorious? Remain with me, and my unwearied love shall find them employment enough in returning the affection of your daughter's heart."

"Sweetest, it must not be," said her father, smiling, and kissing away her tears. "This once, once only, must I again face the enemy, who threatens to deprive the queen of the last poor remnant of her ancestors' splendid heritage in France. I will soon return, if heaven pleases, alive and well; but if not, I shall have earned an honourable grave. My royal mistress will not bury the remembrance of my long services in my tomb. No, no; my coffin may prove more serviceable to my daughter than my life."

"Talk not of your coffin, brave old soldier," said Sir Robert Dudley; "and for your daughter, trust her to my protection. Would that we could find," he added in a lower tone, "a bridegroom worthy of her."

The old man pressed the governor's hand and smiled, while the lady hung down her head

and blushed. Dudley then gently led her from the place of her father's embarkation, and Dalbret was speedily on board the vessel which was to convey him to Calais.

At the period at which this narrative commences, neither the gray-headed warrior nor his remains had arrived at Sark; but the fatal intelligence had been received that he had been killed while making a sally on the besieging forces, and had been buried on the ramparts of Calais. Dudley, since his departure, had decidedly become, what he had for some time suspected himself to be, the passionate admirer of the queen of Sark, and had flattered himself that he was gaining a place in her affections, when the arrival of news of her father's death rendered the farther prosecution of his suit indecorous, and compelled him to exchange the language of love and compliment for that of sympathy and consolation.

Love, however, is a dexterous manœuvrer, and can carry on his assaults as well in the sable habiliments of sorrow, as when crowned with the laurel garland of honour. The knight, as he checked her sighs and wiped away her tears, awakened emotions in her heart, compared with which, the paroxysms of grief seemed to be tranquillity and peace; and while he plucked away from it the arrows of sorrow, he planted those of a still more potent deity there. Although a decorous period elapsed after her father's death before Annette admitted that she understood the meaning of her lover's attentions, yet their results may be narrated in a single sentence. The young knight was indefatigable and importunate, but delicate and respectful in his solicitations. The lady sighed, and blushed, and wept, and smiled, and at length consented; and finally a day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of the enamoured pair in the chapel attached to the fortress of Sark.

All was joy and gladness in the hearts of the three or four hundred inhabitants of the island, when the glad news was published that Sir Robert Dudley was about to wed the beautiful queen of Sark. The gloom which had hung on the spirits of all since the death of the *Sieur Dalbret* was immediately dissipated; the merry peal of bells, and the joyful report of the cannon of the fortress, proclaimed a day of jubilee, and young, old, and poor—for there were no rich in the island—hastened to the chapel to be witnesses of the celebration of this auspicious union. The chapel was a small neat Gothic edifice, of great antiquity, and capable of holding near two hundred persons; so that it was fully adequate to the supply of the spiritual wants of the island. At the altar stood the pastor of this insular flock, a venerable man, on whose forehead time had planted innumerable wrinkles, and whose long white beard swept the volume from which he pronounced the marriage rites. The bride stood on his right hand closely veiled, the bride-

groom on his left, wearing his military dress, but without his sword. The rest of the garrison, with the exception of one sentinel, who remained to guard the ascent from the sea, of which we have already spoken, also were present, and had laid aside their weapons before joining in the celebration of so holy and peaceful a ceremony. They, as well as a few male and female domestics attached to the fortress, stood near the altar, while the area of the sacred edifice was occupied by the rustic inhabitants of the island, who had crowded in to witness an event which excited universal interest. At length the priest joined the hands of the youthful pair together, and was about to pronounce the words which pledged them to the irrevocable compact, when a loud tumult was heard at the chapel door, shouting, and the clash of weapons; and a party of soldiers, wearing French uniforms, and carrying drawn swords in their hands, rushed into the chapel.

"Forbear!" said their leader, advancing to the altar, and pointing his sword at the priest's breast: "in the name of king Henry, I command you to forbear!"

Dudley and the rest of the garrison instinctively put themselves in attitudes of defence; but they were totally unarmed, and could only oppose their naked breasts to the swords of the Frenchmen. An appalling silence for a minute pervaded the assembly, which was broken by Annette, who, clinging to her lover, and with a look of horror hiding her face in his bosom, exclaimed,

"'Tis Clement Amiot! save me, save me!"

"Who, and what are you, sir?" asked Dudley, advancing towards the leader of the intruders: "and by what authority do you justify this intrusion?"

"Fair sir," said the other, bowing courteously, "methinks that Sir Robert Dudley should not have yet to learn that, in time of war, strength and numbers form an authority sufficient for taking possession of an unguarded fortress of the enemy. My name is Clement Amiot, a captain in the service of the most Christian king, and by virtue of the good swords in the hands of myself and comrades, and of sundry pieces of gold drawn across the itching palm of your solitary sentinel, we have, while you have been dreaming of love and beauty, made ourselves masters of the isle of Sark, and of the persons of its garrison."

"The perjured traitor! the base-minded mercenary scoundrel!" exclaimed Dudley in an agony of surprise and indignation.

"Nay, nay, gentle governor," said Amiot, "wrong not the honest man with your injurious language, who has now become a soldier of king Henry. He stipulated for the lives and freedom of all the garrison before he consented to deliver up the fortress, and there is now a vessel in the harbour in which you are all at liberty to embark for Guernsey."

"Sir," said Dudley, "the terms which

you offer us are frank and honourable, and were they otherwise, we have no choice left us but to accept them. We must to Guernsey, gentlemen," he added, addressing his comrades; "and mine must be the task of excusing, as well as I can, to our sovereign, the unfortunate circumstances under which this capture has been made. In the meantime, Captain Amiot, suffer the ceremony, which your presence has interrupted, to be solemnized, ere this fair lady and I take our departure from the isle of Sark."

"Pardon me, fair sir," said Amiot, "I said naught touching the departure of the lady; my promise only extended to the persons of the garrison. The lady is a native of this island, and therefore owes allegiance to King Henry. She is, moreover, my affianced bride; and fortune has now put it in my power to compel the performance of those solemn and numerous promises which she has made me."

"Your words are as false as your conduct is base and wicked," said Annette. "No promise to you ever passed my lips, except that, as long as the blood flowed in my veins, I would despise and hate you."

"Gentle madam," said Amiot, "your memory is somewhat treacherous. Mine, thank heaven! is more faithful to me. That fair hand must instantly be linked with mine, unless you would be provided with a lodging in one of the dungeons of the fortress."

"Villain!" exclaimed Dudley, snatching a sword from the hand of one of the French soldiers who stood near him, and rushing towards Amiot. His blow, however, was coolly parried by the latter, and he was instantly surrounded by above a dozen Frenchmen, who beat the weapon from his hand; and being assaulted on all sides, he sunk, faint with the loss of blood, to the ground. "He is disabled from doing farther mischief for the present," said Amiot: "see to his wounds and bind them up, that he may be able to undertake the journey to Guernsey instantly. You, I presume, gentlemen," he added, turning to the officers of the garrison, "are content to accept the terms which I offer, and to retire from the island without loss of time?"

"We are content, Captain Amiot," said one who was second in command to Sir Robert Dudley: "our commander is exhausted from the loss of blood, but his hurts do not seem to be of a critical or dangerous nature."

"For the love of heaven! Clement," said Annette, rushing towards him, "let me depart with them."

"For the love of thee, fair cousin," said Amiot, "I answer no."

"Then thus——" she said, taking up the sword which had been stricken out of the hand of Dudley, and pointing it at her bosom.

"Thus," interrupted Amiot, snatching the weapon from her hand, "thus do you make an exhibition of folly and madness which would

justify my resorting to the severest measures to bring you back to reason, but that, as your kinsman and your lover," (here his features assumed an expression of tenderness from which she turned away with abhorrence and disgust,) "I must take but too much delight in pardoning whatever fault you may commit. Farewell, gentlemen, farewell! commend me to the gallant knight who now rules in Guernsey, and tell him that Clement Amiot hopes shortly to pay him a visit."

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Hon. John M'Lean.

There are but few men, in high office, who possess so extensively the confidence of all parties, as the present Post Master General. Mr. M'Lean is a native of New-Jersey, and was born in 1788. His father removed to Kentucky in 1792. He received his education in Ohio, where he studied law under the direction of Arthur St. Clair, Esq. In 1809, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced his professional career at Lebanon, Warren county.—Here he distinguished himself as a lawyer, and in the year 1812, *being that year eligible on the score of age*, he was elected to the House of Representatives. He took his seat in the winter of 1813, and was soon after appointed a member of the Committee on foreign affairs—at this crisis the post of honor in the house. During the arduous sessions which followed his appointment in this Committee, Mr. M'Lean was distinguished for his ability and zeal, in the promotion of every measure calculated to give success to the war, and secure to the nation an honorable peace.—He was not a leader, but ever held a respectable rank among the great men, and there were many such, who, at that time composed the house of representatives.—In the year 1819, Mr. M'Lean was made judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, when he resigned his seat in Congress. His reputation as a lawyer, gained additional lustre from the character of his decisions, and from the energy and vigor he carried with him in the practice of the courts.—He was Commissioner of the General Land Office in 1822, from whence he was appointed, 1st of July, 1823, to the General Post Office Department. This department was an Augean Stable, which required the labors of an Hercules to cleanse: the defalcations of the Post Masters were frequent; the routes deficient in many places, while in other parts they were sustained at a great and unnecessary expense, the returns from the Post Masters were irregular, and the system of accountability weak and imperfect; and the whole Office was in arrears, and an expense to the Government: to remedy which, the then Post

Master General proposed an increase of postage on newspapers.

The energy of Mr. M'Lean was tested to produce a change, and to bring order and a revenue from this Office, nor have they been exerted in vain. Since his administration of its affairs, its condition has been improved by more than a million of dollars; and the last year in comparison with the year preceding his appointment, of nearly half a million! and all this, too, with an increase of mail routes, and additional facilities of transportation by accelerating the mail on the leading routes, increasing the number of trips, and establishing lines to connect important districts of country, which augmented within the last year, the transportation of mail to 415 214 miles annually in stages; and on horseback and in sulkeys of 532,214 miles. So that at this time there is no village without a post-office, and very few towns which are not accommodated with mail stages. The post-offices have increased since 1820, from 4500 to 7000; and since Mr. M'Lean has presided, more than one third has been added to the amount of revenue, to the number of post-offices. The means of the Department are now equal to the wants of the country, and a surplus of half a million of dollars annually, will, in future, be at the disposal of the government, to be applied to the repairs and construction of national roads. We think that this plain exposition of Mr. M'Lean's masterly administration of this Department, is eloquent in praise of his industry, energy, and his grasp of mind.

In private life, Mr. M'Lean is simple and unaffected—he is the good neighbor, and the exemplary christian.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Time.

I saw a temple, reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it, the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls; the gay, the happy, the young and beautiful were there.—I returned—and lo! the temple was no more! Its walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild-grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour the owl's long cry added to the deep solitude. The young and gay who revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother—and the pride of his father. I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolations around him.

I saw the oak standing in all its pride, upon the mountain—the birds were carolling upon its bows—I returned and that oak stood leaf-

less and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastimes through its branches.

"Who is this destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel?

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sung together with joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of earth—plucked the sun from his sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on sea, and one on land, lift up his hand toward heaven and swear by heaven's Eternal—*Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer!*"

"Is there no way," said I, "to render time a blessing instead of a curse?"

"Yes," said the angel, "by laying hold of him as he passes by he will waft you sweetly to blessed immortality; but by neglecting him and suffering him to pass unheeded, he will bear you swiftly through waves of trouble to a deep gulf of woe. He rolls on most rapidly, and will soon land you beyond his influence, where he who made him will reward you for your conduct towards him. If you would be happy, you must esteem him of infinitely more value than gold or silver. Grasp each moment as it flies, and spend it in doing good. Minutes are worth dollars; and sixty years, the number allotted to man in this world, if well spent, even after they are numbered and finished, thousands of worlds, yes, eternity! but the same number of years spent in sin, to prove, to him to whom they belong, a curse as deep as hell. Be wise, O man! before it shall be too late!"

When the late Admiral Crosby was dining with Col. Fitzgerald, at Merion square, London, he happened to lay his huge brown fist upon the table; at the moment Dr. Jenkins, who was very short sighted, casting his eyes around the table in search of a loaf of bread, happened to rest them on the Admiral's fist; and mistaking it for a loaf, thrust his fork plump into it! The Admiral, smarting with the wound, said in a rage, "don't trouble yourself to reach—I'll help you," and raised the same fist to demolish the Doctor. The Doctor, perceiving his mistake, immediately cried out, "only a slice, sir, it won't go round!" This disarmed the Admiral of his wrath, and so convulsed the company with laughter, that all the dyspeptic cases at table were discontinued.

Genuine Laziness.—A young farmer inspecting his father's concerns in the time of hay harvest, found a body of the mowers asleep when they should have been at work. "What is this?" cried the youth; "Why, me, you are so indolent, that I would give a crown to know which is the most lazy of you." "I am he," cried the one nearest to him, still

stretching himself at his ease.—“Here then,” said the youth, holding out the money. Oh, Master George,” said the fellow, folding his arms, “do pray take the trouble of putting it into my pocket for me.”

A young lad who afterwards became celebrated for his wit was bound out as an apprentice at a very early age. On a spring morning that was somewhat chilly he hovered round the fire, and discommoded his good mistress, who was employed in getting breakfast. “What,” said she, “are you cold? Only listen. Don’t you hear the frogs singing?” “Singing!” returned the boy, with some disdain, and more self-importance, “it is only their teeth chattering.”

Patient Courtship.—I knew a man that went courting his sweetheart the distance of three miles, every evening, fourteen years, besides dogging her home after church, on Sunday afternoons; making above 15,000 miles. For the first seven years he only stood and courted in the door porch; but for the remaining period he ventured (what a liberty after a septennial attachment!) to hang his hat on a pin in the passage and sit on a kitchen settle. The wedding, a consummation devoutly to be wished, was solemnized when Robert and Hannah were in their scar and yellow leaf.

Improved Fire-Arms.—A man having sold a gun to an Irishman, he soon returned with it, complaining that the barrel was much bent. “Is it?” said he, “then I ought to have charged more for it.” “Why so?” said the other. “Because these pieces are constructed for shooting round a corner.”

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1828.

NEW AGENTS.

William Schram, Utica, N. Y.
William Bond, Boston, Mass.

INTERESTING TO JUVENILE READERS.

It is gratifying to observe the advancement of works devoted exclusively to the entertainment and instruction of youth; and those females, who like Miss Francis are endowed with more than ordinary literary talents, could not consecrate the energies of their minds to a more useful or a more noble purpose, than—

“To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.”

Such works as the following, are calculated to exercise a favourable and wide-spreading influence on the intellect and morals of the rising generation, and should call forth the patronage of such parents, and guardians as are anxious for the welfare and improvement of the little beings committed to their charge.

The Juvenile Miscellany.—This is a handsome and well-conducted periodical, for the youth of both sexes, published in Boston, by Messrs. Putnam & Hunt; and

seems, from the circumstance of its having reached its fourth volume, to have been favoured with an extensive patronage. It is under the editorial care of Miss Francis the accomplished author of “Hobomok,” and contains articles of an amusing, moral and instructive nature, adapted to the taste and capacity of young minds. With pleasure we notice that the September number commenced a new series, and is accompanied with an elegant lithographic print.

The Hive, is a new juvenile paper, thus noticed in the Boston Palladium:—The smallest newspaper in the known world, without any dispute, has reached us from Salem. It is called “The Hive,” and may be read profitably by all our little statesmen and stateswomen, in the nursery, before breakfast. The paper is five inches long by three in width: it has not yet declared itself on the Presidential question.

The Juvenile Gazette.—We have just received the second number of the second volume of a neat little paper under the above title, printed on a form of six inches by nine, folio; which, we learn from the Providence Toilet is five times its original size. It is printed, published and edited, by Master Oliver Kendall, and embraces a variety of subjects, both useful and entertaining; such as are easy of comprehension, and would be likely to engage the attention of the juvenile mind.—The youthful Editor has our best wishes for his success, and we should like to obtain a few subscribers for his paper. [Subscriptions received at this office.]

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Edward Bingham of Detroit, to Miss Mary Trowbridge of this city.

At Claverack, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Abraham G. Vosburgh to Miss Sarah Simmons, both of this city.

At the same place, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. John Holmes to Miss Rachel Coventry, both of Columbia Ville.

In Providence, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. John S. Greene, publisher of the Christian Telescope and Republican Herald, to Miss Emmeline Pickering.

At Johnstown, Columbia Co on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. John W. Hallenbeck, Esq. of this city, to Miss Maria Gardner.

At Athens, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Prentice, Mr. Richard Lampman of Cossackie, to Miss Rachel Ann Haviland, of the former place.

At Livingston, on Thursday morning the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Lewis L. Gorham, of Great Barrington, Mass, to Miss Julia, eldest daughter of Henry L’Hommedieu, of the former place.

In New-York, on the 4th inst. Mr. John M. Austin, Printer, to Miss Sarah Ann Somendyke, both of Troy.

DIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Averil, in the 24th year of her age, widow of the late Henry M. Averil.

On Friday last, Edward Ray, in the 13th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Miss Martha Butler, in the 14th year of her age, youngest daughter of Ezekiel Butler, Esq.

On Wednesday the 8th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Race, in the 65th year of her age, after a lingering illness which she bore with christian fortitude and exemplary patience, willingly resigning her breath to the God who gave it.

“And long and many were the pains she bore,
Slowly dissolved, the silver chord gave way:
And now ’tis broke—and Nature’s conflict o’er,
Heaven throws its portals wide to endless day.”

At Chatham, on the 5th inst. Capt. Robert Macy, in the 83d year of his age, formerly from Nantucket.

In New-London, Conn. John G. C. Brainard, Esq. former editor of the Connecticut Mirror.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. STANZAS.

I have wept o'er the flight of my early years,
As they faded in dreams away;
And have bathed my downy couch with tears,
As I thought of my early day:
For the hopes are fled, and the friends are dead,
Which I cherish'd when life was new,
And the joys I have known have far away flown,
To the mansions of heavenly blue.

I have wept o'er my friends, as they sank in earth,
And have moisten'd with tears each grave;
I have tun'd my harp to departed worth,
And sung of the youthful brave:—
For the cheerful brow has departed now,
And the joyous eye has fled;
And the forms which rov'd over scenes I lov'd
Have sought their last cold bed. HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Occasioned by the Death of a Young Woman.

The cold, the icy seal of Death
Is stamped upon her brow;
Where, few days since, was blooming health,
Is a sad paleness now.

Ah Death! why should thy ruthless arm,
Intent upon its prey,
Regardless of the sweetest charm,
Thus bear the young away?

But 'tis in vain with thee we plead,
Thou dread, terrific King;
Thy progress we cannot impede,
Nor blunt thy fatal sting.

When once thy victim thou hast marked,
All efforts are in vain;
No social tie of "kindred hearts,"
Thy clemency can claim. FRANCIS.

FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE. "IT SHALL BE WELL."

"Say unto the Righteous, it shall be well with him."

"It shall be well"—the conqueror's word,
When vanquished realms salute him lord,
Gold, honour, titles, power confers
Upon his faithful followers,
Yet dares not bid fame's clarion swell,
Bearing the sound—"it shall be well."

"It shall be well"—the Youth hath found
Joys, like young roses, clustering round;
He dreams, might there no blighting fall,
O, he could win and wear them all;
What promise can his fears dispel?
That holy one—"it shall be well."

He gains it—yet life's wintry day
Hath swept those clustered joys away,
Scattered like rose leaves on the wind—
But lives the promise in his mind?
O, ne'er again his sorrows tell,
Cling to the hope—"it shall be well."

"It shall be well"—there needs no more,
The cup of bliss is brimming o'er;

Joys—they are all by Goodness lent,
Griefs—they are all by Mercy sent—
That promise ours where'er we dwell,
Prison or palace "shall be well."

It shall be well"—when spring is bright,
And well mid winter's chilling night;
The mind's dark storms were hushed in peace,
As rainbows bid earth's tempests cease,
When on the tear-dim'd spirit fell
Heaven's beam where glowed—"it shall be well."
CORNELIA.

EDUCATION.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

A child is born. Now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm: but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Supposititious.

PUZZLE II.—Enoch and Elijah—Christ and Balaam's
Ass—Adam and Eve.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am a word of six letters:—My 3d, 2d, 5th and 1st
is the wish of a rambler; my 1st, 5th and 6th belong to
every man; my 6th, 2d, 1st, 5th and 6th belong to no
man; my 4th, 6th, 5th, 2d and 3d transposed are a
musical instrument; my 4th 3d, 2d, 5th and 6th an ex-
pression of distress; my 6th, 2d, 3d, 1st, 5th and 6th
the name of a bookseller; my 4th and 2d are a com-
mand; my 5th, 3d and 1st belong to every person.
My whole has created a great deal of excitement and
contention among community at large.

II.

My first's a welcome visitor,
A bird of minstrelsy;
My second wafts the gallant bark
Across the surging sea;
My whole's a leathern thong—of need,
To check the prancing courser's speed.

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